communications to the Era, whether on bus of the paper or for publication, should be ad-

For the National Era.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN. BY ALICE CAREY.

"I'll warrant it," said Aunt Caty, "if I had hold of that John, Pd make him jump. He hasn't got half the wits and reasons that his hasn't got main the wits and reasons that his little cousin has; and the reason is, he has been humored and made a baby of, and never so much as kindled a fire in his life."

been humored and made a baby of, and hever so much as kindled a fire in his life."

"I didn't mean to say nothing about it," sid she upsetting her gourd, and checking her spinning wheel; "but when they came home the other night from the funeral, you see I was there, and I thought they would feel bad, and I had made a cup of tea and a bit of toast, and everything; and I was sitting in the door, thinking of the time when I came to the country, and of when we had to pen our sheep at night when Billy comes a running along; and asy I. Billy, have they come? And Billy are, Yes, they have come? And so I goes not to help out Mrs. Flagg, but she climbs right out, as if she had been to no funeral, nor nothing; and says she, 'Caty,' says she, 'have you got supper ready?' She didn't say nothing to Oliver, nor tell him that was the place where he was to live, nor nothing; and so I hold him this was the fine place he was to live a; and as I took his hand and led him along into the house, it was all of a trimble. He had so more than got set down," she went on to sy, "than Mrs. Flagg says to him, says she, ily son, run out into the hall, and up stairs 'My son, run out into the half, and up stairs isto the front chamber, and bring me my old sippers. You will find them somewhere about.' Now, though she said 'my son' all so fine, why didn't she send her own son, who sot there making a racket with Julie? And how should

nking a racket with Julie? And how should see expect that little Oliver would know the ray into her room, and find her slippers? Sure mough—just as I expected—directly he came back crying like a good fellow, with a great like hump on his forchead, as big as the sky; for he had run against something in the dark, and had not found the slippers, either.

"What did you break?" asked Mr. Flagg, wasking years cross.

speaking very cross.

"'Nothing sir,' replied the child; 'but I hurt
myself, and could not find the shoes.'

"'Ah! is that all?' answered the uncle, as
if it were nothing that he had hurt himself.
And turning to his wife, he said, 'He is rather

med her spinning.

Now, Mr. and Mrs. Flagg were goodish people; they gave money to the Sabbath school, and for other benevolent purposes; paid their tebts, and in all ways did what they believed to be their duty; but I am afraid there are few

she didn't set John at such work; he had a pony, and rode about, meantime. Both went to the same school, to be sure;

but Oliver was required to come home an hour before it was dismissed in the evening, to assist silly in foddering the cattle; and Friday, when silly went to market, he must stay at home all day; and Mondays and Wednesdays he must be at home half the day, to cut wood and go to the post office; and now and then a whole day must be spared, for some extra job or other.

It did not lengthen his school hours, Aunt Caty thought, that he one day told his uncle he could keep up with John, and stay at home half the time.

you are sure she toll you that?"

Oh, yes; Olive was quite sure. And so, Aunt Caty said we all had our little faults, and though she didn't know as she really wanted anything, he might tell his aunt to send her, if pleased, a handful or two of nice lively hose—a poultice of them might help her rheumatism.

Oliver thought he would just bring a stick of wood for the fire was low, and then run back; but he found no wood cut, and to cut and the stime.

for John took little either to books or work, and the smartness of the boy was one reason why his uncle and aunt disliked him; but an why his uncle and aunt disliked him; but a why his uncle and aunt disliked him; but a other, and perhaps a stronger, was, that and, drove the cow into one corner may be a greatly resembled his father. This was the boy's fault; but they felt it to be front, and often, Aunt Caty used to say the him with being all White and no first was the name of his mother. It chanced that he was but just gone when the him with being all White and no first which was the name of his mother. The property of the same which was the name of his mother.

ton, which was the name of his moth.

Upon one of these occasions, when minutes he had made a square box, which we had been trying to do for a week. You ought to inherit some ohn; at the same time bre

Mrs. Flage busy day, she we ple, or some nice th was sure to

he liked to work at ays somethies and be glad. There was needn't go at home, they said, and to prevent the carry's to find work. So carry as he could. And so, it is to prevent the could. And then Aunt Caty called his folks big bugs, and said if she did live the couldn't was a pity if she couldn't ask going the couldn't ask

called across the new and gif Oliver could come and she saw the shower coming; perversity, he had sent John cred to catch crawfishes in the

WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1853.

Swells out, beneath the midnight sky, From the wood-covered hill.

Tell that the frost-wind has been there And from the silent trees. Withered and pale, come fluttering down

The far-off hills, which tower on high, Spread their green outline 'gainst the sky, In moonlight beauty dressed; Like lofty walls they seem to stand, Encircling some enchanted land, Or garden of the blest.

Outspread beneath the smiling sky, Far as the eye can roam?

This bright and beautiful expanse, This gay and rich inheritance, Is Freedom's happy home.

When Autumn, pageant of the year,

lets, with their walls of white ded bowers and pale moonlight

Unmindful of the cool night air Look forth all beautiful and fair From garden, grove, and hill.

And there the green-winged katydid, Among the clustering foliage hid, Carols her happy song.

Mid fields of bloom and bowers of green To spend life's little day; To sing their own wild requiem And pass from earth away.

Look down upon the earth-The same effulgent, sparkling throng, Which raised, of old, their choral song. To hail our planet's birth.

Myriads of stars, serenely bright,

Heard nightly by angelic cars. Instead of selfishness and pride. Their purity and love

No thought inspires one twinkling star, In its ethereal course, to mar The grand harmonious whole; They give, receive, diffuse their light

Gems of the night, to them 'tis given To deck the azure brow of Heaven, Burnished and poised on high-Oh, for a wing to soar away,

Who could behold them shining now, Nor turn, with humbled heart, to bow The reverential knee And bids his angels guard, each night, The slumbers of the free!

Glen Quiet, Colerain, Ohio.

NEW PHASE OF THE SLAVE TRADE -At New Phase of the Slave Trade—At Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 28th ult, Alexander Hendrickure, a colored lad, from Jamaica, was rescued from the custody of Thomas J. Adams, of Nashville, Tennessee. Adams had induced Hendrickure to come to the United States, by promising to take him to Tennessee, and thence by the overland route to California, where he might become wealthy by his industry. Three other youths, who had been persuaded by Americans to leave Jamaica for this country, came at the same time, on the American steamer Uncle Sam, and are probably by this time in alavery. Hendrickure states that this is no uncommon occurrence, almost every American

FAMILIAR LETTERS FROM CURA. , NEAR CARDENAS, May 10, 1853. To the Editor of the National Era: .

so and set some breakfast. His aunt was out of humor, for that he did not come home sooner; and having asked if Aunt Caty was very sick, and hearing that she was sitting by the fire, she said nothing more, except that he was a bad boy. She knew nothing of the whipping, and Oliver did not tell her. But one thing he meant to tell, which he quite forgot, and that was about the hops.

All was as wrong now as it could be. They cared very little for her, Aunt Caty said, if they could not send a handful of hops; and is seeing Billy one day, she told him to tell his mistress that she needn't send to inquire after her any more, and pretend to feel an interest that she didn't feel; to which Mrs. Flag replied that Mother Martin might get well and get sick, for all she cared—she should not trouble herself about her health in the future. So, for months there was an end of all intercourse. During this while, Oliver had been sullen and selfish, and had really given his relatives cause to find fault with him. When he was pidden to do a thing he would not answer at all, unless it were necessary, and then in the fewest possible words.

For the National Era.

MIDNIGHT IN AUTUMN AMONG THE HILLS OF OHIO.

Midnight in Autumn. Over all The quiet earth the moonbeams fall, So tremulously bright, They seem like smiles of angels, sent Fron Heaven's cerulean battlement, The sent wind o'er the hillside sweeps, And up the glen the gray mist creeps, Where glidse the sparkling rill;
And from afar the night-bird's cry Swells out, beneath the midnight sky.

From the wood-covered hill. be regarded as an indication that slave labor is not considered by them essential to their prosperity. One or two planters here have, in-deed, expressed to me their hope of being able to work their estates entirely by the help of coolies, when a sufficient number shall have ar-rived. Cuba may, indeed, as I have said be-fore, be destined to witness horrible and sanfore, be destined to witness horrible and san-guinary scenes of servile war; but if these, which can only terminate in the utter ruin of the blacks, be averted, I do not believe a more favorable field could be found on which to try the "Experiment of Freedom." Of the com-plete and speedy success of that experiment, even in those economical results by which alone so many persons insist upon measuring success and failure, very little doubt, I think, can be entertained by any one who candidly considers the circumstances of the Island. Will it be tried? Many persons profess to discover in the signs of the times many indications that the Spanish Government is preparing to follow the Spanish Government is preparing to follow the example of England, less from any motives of humanity or from any sense of justice, stim-ulated by that noble example, than from a conviction that emancipation will secure the pos-session of the island to the Castilian Crown. This as it may be. Yet an American cannot but blush to think that such a policy would be, indeed, most efficient to that end. Despotic Spain could, indeed, find no so sure way to save her jewel from the clutch of Republican Amer-ica as the practical application to half a milher jewel from the clutch of Republican America, as the practical application to half a million Spanish subjects of the first principles of American Republicanism! Is not this a fact worth pondering? So far as I can learn, however, the only visible foundation for all these rumors about the intentions of Spain, is to be found in the recent proceedings of the English Government, in enforcement of the treaty for suppressing the slave trade. The emancipados—slaves re-captured in Cuba and bound out to service, as I before explained, for a term of seven years, after which they are transferred to one of the English colonies in Africa or America, as freemen—have very often been ceeding each other in an almost unbroken suc-cession. And when, leaving the railway, the traveller takes his way more slowly on horse-back or in the volante, through the intricate highways and byways, he is astonished equally at the magnificent extent and at the profuse productiveness of the great estates through which his course lies for mile after mile. Plantations are by no means uncommon here America, as freemen—have very often been shamefully misused by their employers, and often enslaved by them, those being frequently returned as "dead" before the "Mixed Comemployed, and I have seen some on which "gangs" of from one thousand to fourteen hundred are "worked." These huge estates, returned as "dead" before the "Mixed Com-mission," who are really sent into life-long bendage. The present English Government seem disposed to demand a reform in this mat-ter, and the energetic English consul at Hava-na is pushing the colonial authorities very hard. The notorious complicity of the Captain General in the slave trade is also attracting principalities in size, yield most princely revenues. The original outlay upon a large sugar estate is very great, and the expenses of manestate is very great, and the expenses of management proportionately heavy, especially in those places where the improved French machinery is used, under the charge of educated and intelligent gineers. The salaries of engineers on the estates worked in the old-fashioned planner average about one hundred and twenty dollars per month, and these engineers are engaged only for the six months of the grinding season. But the French trains are conducted by persons of superior education and standing, who are tempted to come hither from France or England by the offer of permanent situations at much higher salaries. Four or five such persons are frequently found in charge of the different departments of a great sugar estate. To the amount thus expended we must add the wages of a number of white

we must add the wages of a number of white subordinates, the cost of maintaining a large gang of negroes, the value of the cattle and horses annually destroyed by the hard work of hauling the canes three days in the week to the grinding house, from fields often scattered over an area of several miles, the casual cost of repairs, the various incidental expenses inevitable on so great an estate, and in the great in this instance is urged by the Spaniards as an unanswerable proof of his seal in fulfilling the cases, the amount of interest annually due on the large sums which the planter is obliged from time to time to actrow, in a country where money has an extraordinary value. Yet so productive is the soil of the Vuelta Arriba, and so steady the demand for the planter's crop, that there are few of the great sugar planters who do not clear, over and above this large outlay, a fine annual income from their estates. Incomes of fifty, sixty, eighty, and one hundred thousand dollars a year, are by no means rare in Cuba. The worst enemy, even, of the sugar planter—fire, which is more feared by him than any other calamity—is powerless to interrupt seriously the prosperity of a great estate. One dime which is more feared by him than any other calamity—is powerless to interrupt seriously the prosperity of a great estate. One disaffected slave, one envious montero, when the season is dry and the grinding well begun, has but to drop a lighted match or a half-burnt cigar in some remote Canaveral. The swift wind does the rest, and in a few hours causes thousands of dollars to vanish into thin air. But the fields are again planted, or the canes again spring up, and the next year's harvest again spring up, and the section of the conomy of material, as well as of labor, achieved by these trains, is visible to the most inexperienced observer. All those the most inexperienced observer. All those to the most inexperienced observer

Jamaica were of course subjected to much worse treatment than those of Cuba, and the

But the fields are again planted, or the canes again spring up, and the next year's harvest restores things to their original status. Thus encouraged by nature, the Cuban planter is generally one of the most enterprising of agriculturists. The ruinous practice of absenteeism, which prevailed to so great an extent in Jamaica, and generated that almost universal bankruptcy which the change produced by emancipation only brought to light, and had no share in causing—the ruinous practice of absenteeism is comparatively unknown in Cuba. Almost all the planters residing in the island, in Havana, Trinidad, Santiago de Cuba, or Matanzas, are enabled to visit their estates frequently, and do actually and for the most part take the management of their property into their own hands. In the place of the ignorant, unserupulous persona, to whom the

more, always remembering to send for not less than twenty copies at a time. The true men of the Northwest never felt such strength as at Anglo-West Indian estates were often entrusted, the Cuban proprietor puts, as resident manager or "Administrador" on his estate, some person of character and intelligence—in most cases a member of his own family. The difference between the results of these systems is enormous. The Jamaica estates, given up to sordid "middlemen," went to "rack and ruin;" mortgage was added to mortgage, peculation followed peculation, till the day of general account, hurriedly brought on by the Emancipation Act, revealed to the astonished proprietor the complete destruction of his property. Nor was this all. The negroes in Jamaica were of course subjected to much so much. I was a delegate to the State Convention at Madison, on the 8th instant. The Whigs met in State Convention the day before Whigs met in State Convention the day before Whigs met in State Convention the day before us, and wished to nominate the present incumbent, Leonard J. Farwell—who, by the by, is a very good man—but he positively declined a renomination; and they, after considerable discussion, left without making any nomination whatever. They may rally this fall, but it is doubtful. Farwell told some of our folks that the Whigs ought not to have called a Convention, or even talked of nominations. He pledged his support to our ticket. I do not intend to trouble you often; but as I have long since enlisted, "during the war," I cannot help telling you how the friends of the cause so near to your heart feel in this vicinity.

N. G.

worse treatment than those of Cuba, and the terrible statistics of mortalitysis the English island throw into the shade even the formidable destructiveness of the cholera years in the Spanish colony.

Those persons, then, who argue from the example of the alleged prostration of the English West Indies by emancipation, to the probability of like results as a consequence of emancipation in Cuba, leave out of the question one of its most important elements. Jamaica was in a decayed condition, financially and economically, before the abolition of Slavery; Cuba is in a prosperous condition, financially and economically. Moreover, the proportion between the blacks and the whites of Cuba is very different from that which existed between points: 1. Does the North lose or gain by the three fifths representation of slaves in Congress? I see Mr. Lewis seems to think we gain; while Mr. Giddings, in his speeches, holds out the idea that we lose by it. Again: Mr. Sumner, in his great speech, quotes the clause of the Constitution, thus: "No person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law;" and he is charged by his opponents here with mutilating that clause; for they say that it is only in all criminal cases no person shall be, &c. And I have examined

suffer the cultivation of the land to be neglected, as it was in Jamaica when the great sugar estates were given up. Nor is it at all likely that any estates in Cuba, which are now honestly paying their way, would be given up, in consequence of the substitution of paid for unpaid labor.

The desire of the leading Cuban planters to supply the great existing demand for laborers with coolies regularly hired and paid, ought to be regarded as an indication that slave labor is not considered by them essential to their

Peru, Me., May 27, 1853.-Enclosed please find one dollar, for which I wish to receive six copies of the Facts for the People, a monthly for which I bespeak a wide circulation. If it makes half the stir among the Hunkers that the Era does, it will work a great revolution.

No one can read the Era a year, without having the "scales removed from his eyes," and the great principles of freedom and justice instating that it has made two new converts in this family. They were ever firm Democrats, and never voted any other ticket before last fall; then they voted for Hale and Julian, and Dexter, June 18, 1853 .- The only complaint

sinner, who says it is not such reading as he expected! for he already had a Bible, and when he wanted that kind of reading, he could read his Bible. His political reading has probably been a tittle different from that book.

Troy, Westfield P. O., Geauga co., Ohio, June 18, 1853.—You will please find enclosed one dollar for six copies of Facts for the People. The inquiry is often made, what the Facts will embrace—whether it will give all important information for the last ten years, giving the history of the action and votes of Congress upon important slavery questions during this time. I am voluntary agent for this county, my address having been, until a short time since, Burton, Geauga county, Ohio. I hope to raise this list much larger in a short time. R. D.

Liberty, Maine, June 20, 1853 .- The Fre Soil party have just held a convention in this county, (Waldo,) and raised something over a hundred dollars for the spread of free principles, and are organizing in every town and

Meadville, May 30, 1853.—Enclosed find three dollars for Facts for the People. I could, I think, if I had time to go round the county and solicit subscriptions for this publication, get two thousand copies taken; but I have not the time, and must confine my efforts to the few in my reach. We had a county convention a short time since. The meeting was well progress of Free Democratic principles.

Goshen, Indiana, May 11, 1853.—I send you four dollars, two dollars and fifty cents for Facts for distribution amongst the People. Inasmuch as you are about to commence, or rather permit me to suggest the propriety of devoting a portion of each number of the "Facts" to the publication of a regular series of statistical "I shall send Billy over with more fresh milk this evening. And you must not mind his evening his ev list for the Era ought, and with the proper

it was to make ten when you commenced your editorial labors. From present indications, i we improve the opportunities that present them salves, we have a rich harvest in prospect which in due time we shall reap, if we faint not.

THE CHRISTIAN PRESS.

since, in the Era, a favorable notice of the Christian Press. It may with truth be said that this is the only religious paper in the country which is right on the subject of the relations of the church to slavery-advocating. ably and earnestly, their entire separation. It

I am for the Free Democracy and their or gans, particularly the National Era; but con idering the Christian Press a most important auxiliary of our cause, I am always happy to recommend it. Appealing as it does to the religious convictions of men on the sin of slavery if sustained as it should be, its influence in our behalf would be incalculable. Where it makes a convert, we are dead sure of a reliable acces-

MARRIAGES.

Married at Lingwood, N. J., on the 13th instant, by Rev. Samuel F. Porter, Mr. MAT-THEW L. WORCESTER, of Bridgeport, Ohio, to Miss ADELINE E. BURR, daughter of George Married by Rev. J. S. Poage, June 21, Rev

JOSEPH R. WHITHAM and Miss ELIZABETH McCoy, daughter of Mr. Kenneth McCoy, all of Washington county, Pa.

> For the National Kra. [COPYRIGHT SECURED BY THE AUTHOR.] MARK SUTHERLAND:

CHAP. XXI.

CHAP. XXI.

They grow in the world's approving eye,
In friendship's smile and home's caress:
Collecting all the heart's sweet ties
Inte one knot of happiness.—Moore.

The next morning, after breakfast, while sitting alone in her cabin, engaged, as usual, in needle-work, Rosalie received a gall from her kind neighbor, Mrs. Attridge, whom she found to be the wife of the worthy proprietor of the neighboring lead-smelting furnace. "Fat, fair, and forty," with a fund of good nature and good humor, in easy circumstances, and with much ex-This silence made his uncle more energy than ever, accounts and induced. The cover, as all, and whether the American and the state of the control of the third of the control of the contr

suffer the cultivation of the land to be neglected, as it was in Jamaica when the great sugar estates were given up. Nor is it at all likely sympathy—yet, during the lady's visit, a case that had troubled the youthful wife for several er man's liberty, he must some day pay the days, still weighed upon her spirits and cast its gloom over her countenance, and refused to b shaken off.

17/ Duda

Mrs. Attridge, with a housekeeper's sympa thy and a woman's tact, divined the cause, and with rude but kind promptitude drew the trouble out to light, by suddenly asking— "What do you intend to do about your washing, my dear?—for it is all nonsense to sup-

pose that you could wash."
"It is, indeed," said Rosalie; "and that is just what disturbs me so. I can manage to keep our cabin tidy, and dress our little meals; but I cannot wash—indeed, I cannot. I at-tempted to do so, but, after having exhausted all my strength, and made myself almost ill, I failed. And when I know that every pioneer housekeeper needs to be competent to the per-formance of all her domestic duties, I feel thoroughly ashamed of my helplessness in some re-spects. And when I see my husband so patient and cheerful under domestic annoyances that no day-laborer with an efficient helpmate ever

no day-laborer with an efficient helpmate ever has to suffer—oh! you know I must feel so eruelly disappointed in myself."

Mrs. Attridge made no comment, but looked upon her young neighbor with a considerate, fond, protective expression on her honest coun-tenance. And after a few minutes, Rosalie

spoke again—
"Can you advise me what to do, Mrs. Attridge? for I have resolved that, in our present circumstances, my husband shall be put to no expense for these matters."
"Oh! pshaw! you can never do it; and some other plan must be thought of," said the visiter.

reflectively. want of the requisite physical strength. I am not constitutionally weak; but the muscles of my arms and chest have never been trained to great or continued exertion, and strengthened by that process-more is the pity!

my wrists. And Rosalie, smilingly, tearfully, held out two delicate, fair, tapering arms. And Mrs Attridge took and held them affectionately,

"I know-I know-it would be useless and cruel to expect hard work of you; and yet the expense oughtn't to come on him, neither, just now. I have been thinking, since I sat here, of an Irish family of the name of Malony, who live in a shanty about a quarter of a mile from this, on my road home. The man works at our furnace, and the woman washes for bachelors. Now, although they are thriving, she and attended, and a strong determination was ex-lors. Now, although they are thriving, she and pressed to do all that could be done for the her family are always ragged, because she is and, besides, she says she hasn't time to sew. Now," said Mrs. Attridge, half laughingly, as she arose to depart, "suppose you were to bar-ter work with Judy Malony, and pay her for washing by making up clothing for her children? At any rate, I will call and see Judy, on my way home, and send her over to you."
Rosalic cordially thanked her kind friend, and held her hand, and felt unwilling to allow her to depart.

"I shall send Billy over with more fresh milk

proper, without a deal of grumbling." Mrs. Attridge, after promising Rosalie to walk over and see her often, and spend whole days whenever it was possible, took leave, and

That evening Mark Sutherland returned home sooner than usual. His countenance was cheerful with good news, and he threw into Rosalic's lap a packet of letters and papers from home—the first that had been received since their separation from their friends.

There was a letter from Colonel Ashley, full

of kind wishes, and something more substantial in the shape of a check on the St. Louis bank, for his niece. He informed them that he was again alone—that his son, St. Gerald, having peeted his own eldest daughter, now a widow

Rose, and one from Lincoln to Mark. By these letters they learned that Mr. and Mrs. Lauderdale had joined the Ashleys at Cashmere, and remained the guests of Clement Sutherland for a month before proceeding to

their own home in Louisiana.

Valeria wrote that the Valley of the Pearl mere the brightest gem on its bosom; but that the envied master of this Eden was more sullen. morose, and unhappy, than ever-that it was before—that he had engaged in ruinous spec-ulations—that Mr. St. Gerald Ashley, since losing his election, had lost his good temper and amiability, and sought more consolation from his "generous wine" than from his un-loving wife—that all these circumstances weighed heavily upon the health and spirits of the beautiful India, who had changed sadly within the last few months. The kind-hearted but volatile Valeria touched lightly and reluctantly upon these unhappy circumstances, and seemed always divided between her spirit of communicativeness and her conscience.

Mark Sutherland and Rosalie read with

regret, and turned from the sad contemplation with a sense of relief to rest gladly upon the image of Valeria and Lincoln Lauderdale, now happily settled upon their beautiful estate of Fairplains, in Louisiana, and engaged in the Fairplains, in Louisiana, and engaged in the gradual emancipation of Valeria's slaves. Withal this was a happy evening to the young cottagers—a festival of gladness, such as can be fully enjoyed only by exiles feasting upon long desired letters from home.

The next day Rosalie was somewhat sur-

The next day Rosalie was somewhat surprised to receive a visit from Judy, and very well satisfied to effect with her an arrangement by which Judy was to do all the washing and ironing for Rosalie, who was to repay her by making up frocks and aprons for her children. And so, before the end of the first week of housekeeping, Rosalie's domestic circumstances were providentially arranged in all the order and comfort consistent with log-cabin life.

It would seem a lonely life she led now, yet Rosalie found it not so. The solitude was peopled with her multitudinous rich affections, high purposes, and bright hopes of the future. Through the day she sang at her active household work, or fell into pleasing reverie over her needle. In the afternoon, when Mark returned, they partook of an early supper, rested, and then took a pleasant woodland walk, or occupied the evening hours with a book.

On the first Sabbath Mrs. Attadge called in her carryall to offer the young couple the two

On the first Sabbath Mrs. Attadge called in her carryall to offer the young couple the two vacant seats to church; a favor which, after some little hesitation and reflection, they frankly and gratefully accepted. And afterwards, Mark Sutherland was much pleased when it fell in the way of his profession to do Mr. Attridge a gratuitous service—a favor which it was rather difficult to make honest

and expostulations,
"That neighbors should be neighbors, but

As passed the week so passed the autumn, bringing little change in the circumstances of our young friends. Mr. Sutherland gained admittance to the bar; but as yet, his professional daties were confined exclusively to office business, the drawing up of deeds, bonds, mortgages, etc. And this was not profitable. Indeed, many of his best meaning neighbors strongly advised him to take up government land, and turn his attention to agriculture. But this Rosalie opposed with all her might, encouraging him to be constant to his profession as he was to his wife—"for better for worse, for richer for poorer." She alone, suppressing all complaint and concealing all her personal privations, continued to cheer and

The National Bra is Published Weekly, on on Street, opposite Odd Fellows' Hall.

Mrs. Flagg; "but I suppose there are other folks can get dinner for harvesters."

And the old mare was saddled, and Oliver was told to mount the black colt, Sultan, and ride to the town of Hadly, two miles away, and bring Dinah Blue, a colored woman, who was the most famous cook in all the country round.

Oliver was pleased to ride Sultan, for he was a fine, spirited fellow, and, having seen John manage him, he supposed that he could do so too. But when he came back, with Dinah riding the old mare beside him, he looked as tired as though he had been at work in the wheat-field all day; and though he said a great deal about the pretty village of Hadly, of the white houses on the hills, and the green trees, he told never a word of the fine ride he had had.

One place he saw—a fine, white house, a lit-BUELL & BLANCHARD, PRINTERS, Sith Street, a few doors south of Penn. Avenne WASHINGTON, D. C.

a word of the fine ride he had had.

One place he saw—a fine, white house, a little out of the main village, with a yard full of flowers, and a green hedge around it instead of a fence—that he never tired of talking about; it was the loveliest place he had ever seen, and such a nice looking gentleman sat on the porch reading the paper, and two children were playing by the hedge, that were pretty, too, only their faces were dirty, and they had torn their frocks.

"I wish aunt" he said "that Nancy Mar-

"I wish, aunt," he said, "that Nancy Mar-tin knew of them, and she would make them new dresses, and wash their faces, for I'm sure

"Bless me," says Mrs. Flagg, "may be they were Charley's children? Did the house have tall, red chimneys, and salmon-colored blinds, and a fountain in the yard?"

and a fountain in the yard?"
"Yes," says Oliver; "and Charles was on the
gate-post—Dr. Charles Livingston."
"He is my cousin," said Mrs. Flagg, drawing herself up, "and he wouldn't allow Nancy
Martin to touch his children, I can tell you; and if their dresses were torn, he is able to get them more!"
Oliver said no more, but he kept thinking

Cousin Charles was a good, benevolent-looking man, and wishing that he knew Nancy Martin, and that he would let her make dresses for the children. When Mr. Flagg came in and saw Dinah,

he asked why she was sent for, and not Aunt "Because," said Mrs. Flagg, "Aunt Caty couldn't or wouldn't come—but she said she couldn't as though she meant only wouldn't—and she said not a word of the rheumatism."

Mr. Flagg was, of course, angry, and when he met Oliver, told him that if he caught him at Aunt Caty's house again, he would whip him. A day or two went by, and Mrs. Flagg was noticed to look across the hollow at Aunt Caty's house pretty often, but no Aunt Caty was to be seen, but in her place, Nancy, going in and out.
"Really," said Mrs. Flagg, "she has quite the air of a lady at this distance, living so much

the air of a lady at this distance, living so much with genteel people."

Then she was heard to say, that she guessed Aunt Caty couldn't be very well, or Nancy would not be at home, for everybody was having new dresses in the fall, and she was sure to be busy.

So, at twilight-time, seeing that Aunt Caty And turning to his wife, he said, 'He is rather while blooded, I guess.'

"I wanted to tell him he'd be white-blooded in the churn that had been turned up to dry in the genter rooms after her shoes; but I says sathing, and as soon as I gets a chance, I tells officer that I expects that is nothing to the burne her will get, if he is to live there! I thought I'd comfort him what I could," said

> uncle's horse when he should get home from town, he didn't hear a word she said. Things had been a good while growing from

to be their duty; but I am afraid there are few of us can stand that severe test of excellence, to do unto others as we would be done by; and Mr. and Mrs. Flagg were not perfect.

Many things came to our knowledge, both from observation and through Mrs. Martin, that led us to think the little orphan was not quite treated as one of the family.

Sometimes he had an apron tied on, and was set to scour knives, like a girl. His aunt said he was handy, and liked to do such work; but she didn't set John at such work; he had a Aunt Caty back.

Both went to the same school, to be sure; but Oliver was required to come home an hour you are sure she told you that?"

"And so," said the sid lady, smiling, "your sunt told you to ask if I wanted anything?—you are sure she told you that?"

him, as he always did.

"I guess he is somewhere about," said Mrs.
Flagg; for she knew that her husband had
forbidden Oliver to go to Aunt Caty's, and she
thought it would but increase his bad humor
to know the truth; and so she told John, who was flying a kite at the door, to see how smart he could be, and lead his father's horse to the stable. But John said Oliver would be back in a minute; he had only gone to Aunt Caty's; and kept at his play.

Mr. Flagg, who was sitting down to take of

his spure, arose, and, without speaking a word, led his horse to the stable himself.

Mrs. Flagg felt uneasy, but she resolved to take the blame all to herself, and began the

preparation of suppor, against the time when her husband and Oliver should come in.

Aware of the boy's whereabouts, Mr. Flagg stopped beneath a shed, and saw him cut the wood and assist Nancy about the milking, his

wood and assist Nancy about the milking, his worth kindling more and more.

The great drops dashed overhead just as Oliver reached the barn, and naturally he turned into the shed where stood his uncle, with his riding-whip in his hand.

"You good for nothing rebel!" he exclaimed; "you deserve to be skinned alive!"

And, without giving the boy time for any explanation or excree, he caught him by the collar, and whipped him severely.

Poor little Oliver! He had never been so abused and so frightened in all his life before; but he spoke not a word, for he was proud, and he felt that he had been wronged.

This silence made his uncle more angry than ever, and he demanded why he went to Aunt Caty's at all, and why, if he did so, he stopped to cut wood and to help do the milking.

Oliver said simply that he went to see if Aunt Caty was sick, and stopped to cut the wood and help Nancy because he wanted to.

"It's a pity you couldn't live with old Caty, and work for her all the time," said the angry man.

Oliver said he wished he could.

morning came at last, and Billy coaxed him to go in and eat some breakfast. His aunt was out of humor, for that he did not come home sconer; and having asked if Aunt Caty was very sick, and hearing that she was sitting by the fire, she said nothing more, except that he was a bad boy. She knew nothing of the whipping, and Oliver did not tell her. But one thing he meant to tell which he cuite forcest.

The spangled robes the forests wear The leaves, which formed their summer crown,

And do they not-those plains that lie

Leads on the golden hours:
And this star-sey gled firmment
Is beautiful as that which bent
O'er blee's rey howers. on every hand,

The aster and the primrose flower. And wild helurium still,

The cricket chirrups by the wall O'er which the jessamine tendrils crawl In gay festoons along;

And when the leaves and flowers grow dim. Midnight in Autumn-glorious night

In all the boundless realms of light Through which their orbs are whirled-The joyous music of the spheres,

Would men but make the stars their guide Might win for all earth's richest crown And woo the smiles of angels down, To bless them, from above.

As o'er the fields of azure bright

Through all those starry realms to stray, And with their orbs to fly! To Him who formed yen worlds of light,